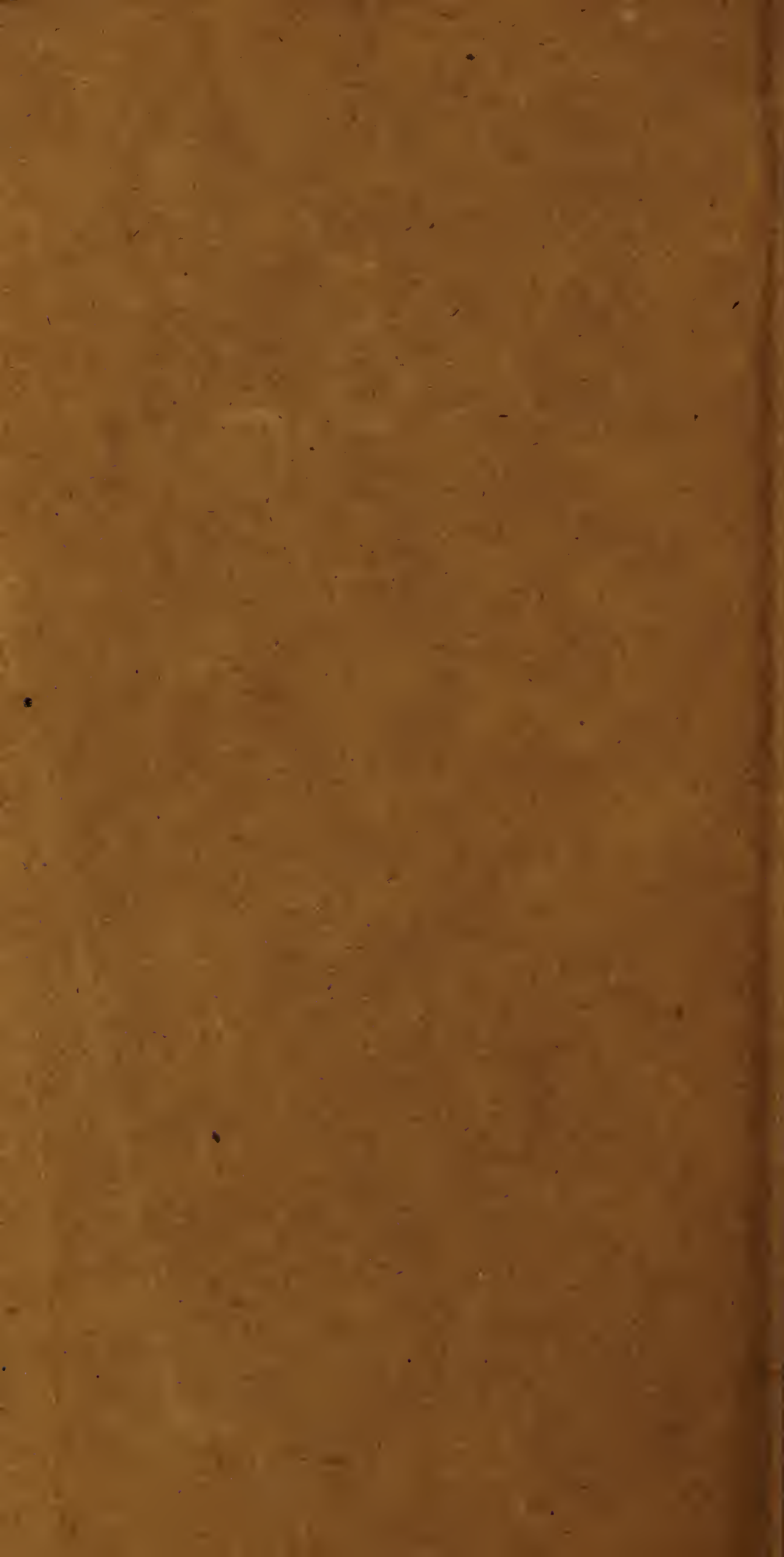


19036/p

Queer Subject

W. Pickers Turner



84-50
W. Lickett. Turner.

19036/p

THE

QUEER SUBJECT.

A FARCE,

In One Act,

by

J. S. COYNE, Esq.

As performed at

THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by

A DEDICATION TO JOHN REEVE, ESQ.

And an original

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE SAME CELEBRATED
COMEDIAN.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,
By Orrin Smith, from a Drawing by Pierce Egan, the Younger, taken
during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.



"STAR PRESS"

20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden,

JAMES TURNER.

84-50
J. Wickett. Turner.

TO JOHN REEVE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

In my earliest essay as a Dramatic writer for a London Theatre, it was my good fortune to have the humble efforts of my pen, rendered effective by your inestimable acting. To you, therefore, with sincere feelings of personal esteem, and high admiration for your professional talents, I beg, my dear Sir, to dedicate this the *first pippin* I have ventured to pluck from the *Tree of Fun*.

J. STIRLING COYNE.

LONDON :

March, 1837.

AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

JOHN REEVE, Esq.

MISTER not me, my jolly masters. Call me John,—plain John, for I'm no beauty, or "Fat Jack, ha! ha!" not being one of Pharoah's lean kine, but a thorough John Bull. Truth assisted nature in compounding my clay. I have a heart for my wife and children, a hand for a friend, owe no man a shilling, and my motto in LINGO Latin, is; *Rex pecuniar dollarorum downo*.

REEVE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

John seems to be a fortunate sponsorial appellation, dramatically speaking, for we have had John Kemble, and John Bannister, and we have John Liston, and John Reeve; names, always good for a bill, whether of a playhouse or a bank, and capital drawers of houses and salaries. The father of this veritable son of Momus, Mr. Thomas Reeve, was sixteen years a Common Councilman of the City of London, and his son John, made his first appearance in this world, within the estimated sound of Bow-bell, on the 2nd. of February, 1799. His relative position in life embraced two uncles of considerable celebrity, George Reeve the composer, and Alderman Waithman. Master John passed through his early days without any thing peculiar occurring and in due time was sent to school, at Mr. Thompson's, Winchmore-hill, where he met with Master Frederick Yates, and many mishaps. A mischievous friendship was formed between them to the cost of the other students, and one breach of decorum in heating slates nearly red hot and placing them on the seats for their unsuspecting schoolfellows, gained them so severe a flogging, as to make their form a stool of repentance, for having no unbirched place to rest upon, they could not sit down, and became a standing joke to those they had been such warm friends to, for many days. At the age of 14 master John Reeve was taken from school and his friend Yates, to the counter of his father's shop, on Ludgate Hill, where he remained stocking the customers with Hosiery until his father retired from business, which was about two years. He was then sent to Messrs Neville's, the Hosiers, in Maiden Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside, on very different terms to those he enters the sock and buskin's door of the Adelphi Theatre, in Maiden Lane, Strand. Here he remained three years and then left, in consequence of murdering the sleep of the peaceable citizens by mangling Shakspeare's Othello and Payne's Brutus on the spouted leads of his employer's house in conjunction with one John Bye, a fellow counter revolutionest whom he always saluted with "Good Bye!" The neighbours threw cold water on their efforts and they fired with indignation, heaped upon their persecutor's heads the curses of Lear and Brutus. Next morning came and with it sundry complaints, so Mr. Johnny was forced to make

his exit as the Hosier, and make double entries as a clerk in Gosling's Banking-house. Here, to use plain John's odd words, his dramatic mania exploded, and he subscribed four shillings per week to Mr. Pym's private Theatre, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane, that has been the hot bed of many a dramatic genius. The first part he ever played in his life (which was rather ominous) he only had to say one word, *No!* and he made a mistake and said, *Yes!* For the information of those curious in such matters, we beg to inform them this part was the *Waiter*, at the Gambling House, in *Town and Country*. Besides this he had several other "shocking bad" parts, which made him think four shillings per week too much, especially, as a specimen of his *ad libitum* style as a servant, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, when Weazle said "You, Gentlemen, must have your little comforts," he replied, "To be sure we must, we must have our little carraway *comfits*." was thought not legitimate. He accordingly took the house of Pym, for £10, and had his own bills printed. The play was OTHELLO, he the *Jim Crow*, Mr. Willis Jones the *Iago*, and Mr. G. H. Rodwell the composer, the *Roderigo*; the farce, *Sylvester Daggerwood, with imitations*. The eclat of the *Daggerwood* portion of the evening's entertainment led to our friend John's appearance at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Rodwell senior. But this was not his first public essay, as generally supposed, he having previously to this performed the *First Grave-digger* in Hamlet, at the Haymarket, for the benefit of a Mr. Grove, of puffing fame, who advertised to play Hamlet for a wager of £100, better than any actor living or dead. However, it had the desired effect for the gulled public crammed the house to suffocation. This same Mr. Grove before caused a silly and squinting brother-in-law of his, named Roach, son of a publisher of plays, some thirty years ago, to enact Richard the Third, and challenge in printed placards a comparison with Kean. The performance was absurd in the extreme and the indignation of a most numerous audience vented itself in laughter, yells, and hisses, until in the wooing scene with Lady Anne, our Richard's mother, not the Duchess, but the irritable Mrs. Roach, rushed on in dirty faded black, cap and flesh to match, and with most Billingsgate rage, drove her son with hands and tongue off the stage.

But to our hero, who, on the benefit previously spoken of, was so rapturously received, that he was earnestly requested to repeat his performance on the following evening for Mr. Lanza's benefit, he complied, and so completely established himself as an imitator and actor, as to induce the proprietor of the English Opera House, to offer him an engagement, which he accepted *sub-rosa*, *sub* ARNOLD, not wishing to resign his banking concern, until assured he might be unconcerned about it. On the 17th. July 1819, he appeared in a clever personation farce, called, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, *by advertisement*, as Mr. * * * * *." Had the seven stars come down from Heaven, they could hardly have created a greater sensation, and, to parody the Cæsarian exclamation, he appeared, he acted, and he triumphed; yet no man could be more diffident of his abilities, for, at a dressed night rehearsal, he was continually dropping his character, and enquiring of Mr. R. B. Peake, the very worthy treasurer of that establishment, (and one of the most popular authors of the day), who was seated in the critical seat of

the pit, "if he thought that would do." Much has been said about the wordy imperfectness of our friend Reeve, but, we boldly assert without knowing the real cause; over anxiety to please, will unnerve the most marble moulded man, when he is aware that thousands of persons on whose fiat he lives, are listening to his every intonation of voice, watching his every movement of feature and limb. Then what must it be to actors, who are, under Heaven, the most excitable beings in the world. The sensible loss of nerve begets a desire to recover it, and thinking of this, the words occasionally escape. We have known our hero, perfect to the letter in a farce, four days before its production, but as the hour of trial approached, his courage, like that of Acres', oozed away, and nothing but his powerful flexibility of face and ready wit, carried him through with perfect success. Performing, is any thing but playing, to those who are practically acquainted with the drama, and we sincerely think, that the author is frequently more indebted to the actor, than the actor to the author. On the 18th. of October, in the same year, Reeve commenced an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, in *Rattlepate*, in *The Green Dragon*, and *Lord Grizzle*, in *Tom Thumb*. From thence, he went to Cheltenham and Bristol, and at the latter place in 1821, he was married at St. John's Church to Miss Aylett, who died at Swansea in the following year, after giving birth to a son. This was a sad blow, and we believe, is an unforgotten sorrow to this hour, though he has sought, and received comfort from a second wife. She was a most amiable person, as the following letter, from the father of the acknowledged first tragedian of the day, will testify,—

" Swansea, 16th. October 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

The melancholy task, you requested me to undertake, I have attempted. I send you the lines, which I trust you will not estimate by their lack of merit, but my earnest wish to prove, that I would oblige you, if I could. To those who were happy enough to be acquainted with the late Mrs. R., all praise is unnecessary, those who had not that gratification, can form but a faint idea of her worth, from the report of my feeble pen. I hope you all arrived safe in the Metropolis, and that the young gentleman is not worse for his journey. With every good wish, and compliments of Mrs. Mc. Cready, I remain, dear sir,

Your's truly,
W. Mc. CREADY,"

" Pure virtue, innocence, and truth,
Were Anna's riches here on earth;
Bequeath'd them with an infant dear,
To a loved husband's pious care,
His tender steps, with faith to guard,
And find in heaven, his great reward."

JOHN REEVE, ESQ.
Adelphi Theatre.

The child alluded to above, is the present Master John Reeve,

now of course about fifteen years of age, and whose education does honour to his father's care. He has two daughters by his second marriage, whom he is equally anxious to make ornaments of society. This says a great deal for a man's heart. In 1826 he commenced an engagement of five seasons at the Haymarket, and stood on Liston's ground firmly, though he immediately followed him in most of his characters, with all the prejudice of first impressions and long favouritism. After his engagement expired at the Haymarket he went for three years to Covent Garden, and we do not think he had that fair play his talent deserved. However, nothing, seemingly, can ever shake the strong hold he has upon public opinion, and managers are ever ready to secure him on his own terms. In the autumn of 1836 he made a trip across the Atlantic, and delighted brother Jonathan so much, with his quips and cranks, that he not only realized a large sum, but has sown the seed for a rich harvest, should he be tempted to trust himself on the perilous ocean again. He certainly left America too soon for his own advantage, but his friendship for his old schoolfellow, Yates, and £40 per week for three seasons, combined with an anxious wish to see his children brought him home to be welcomed most heartily by all who love a hearty laugh.

Mr. Reeve is about five feet ten inches in height, of a dark complexion, and possessing a great flexibility of feature and limb. Though a bulky man, it is quite astonishing to see the lightness and ease with which he moves about the stage, in dancing or walking, and that he may be light and delight, is our sincere desire.

March 18th, 1837.

B——W.

Remarks.

This very laughable farce so essentially depends on its comic situations, that it is almost necessary to see it, to believe its effect. We believe this is the first effort of the author upon the London boards, but we hope it will not be his last by very many, such funds of comic humour not being too numerous.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI, NOV. 1835.

DR. BINGO. Black square cut coat, waistcoat and small clothes—white wig—black silk stockings—shoes, and buckles. } Mr. Cullenford.

* CHARLES. Plumb colored frock coat—light buff stripe trowsers—white waistcoat—boots. } Mr. Sterling.

BILL MATTOCK. A buff ragged jacket—corde-roy small clothes—grey worsted darned stockings—dark brown ragged waistcoat—white round hat dirty shoes. *Second Dress.* A long white bed-gown and night-cap. } Mr. J. Reeve.

NED SNATCH. A grey jacket, patched—short brown trowsers patched (*same as workhouse clothes.*)—little black hat—worsted stockings—shoes patched. *Second Dress.* A smock frock and slouch hat. } Mr. Sanders.

SAMMY SPECTRE. Velveteen coat and trowsers—black waistcoat—white apron. } Mr. Wilkinson

TOM DARKING. Old fashioned livery—green turned up, with red and yellow. } Mr. S. Smith.

COUNTRYMEN. Brown countrymen's coats and small clothes. } Messrs King and Gibson.

JULIA. White muslin frock. Miss Mayo.

Time of representation 40 minutes.

THE QUEER SUBJECT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The road before Dr. Bingo's house, which is seen through an Iron Gate, (c.) situate a short distance from the road.*

BILL MATTOCK and NED SNATCH, *discovered breaking stones by the road side.*

Bill M. (R. C.) (stopping work.) Why don't you learn to break the stones according to the hintillectual plan Ned; see how I bring down my hammer with mathalogical sagacity to allow for the pincussion of the stone. You've no science.

Ned S. (R.) Yes I have though, and I defy any gemman wot ever handled a hammer to show a better finished heap of stones than that afore me.

Bill There a'nt no doubt Ned, that you have a genus for your profession—you smash away like fun at the sand stone; but when you gets hard flints, Ned—you can't touch 'em, my covey, in the reg'lar scientific way, like the man wot reads the Magazine for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.

Ned. But a'nt you precious tired of this life Bill?

Bill. Sartinly, there arnt no comfort whatsomdever in it, because, you see, fortins are to be made by breaking in all trades but ours.

Ned. Aye, that's vot I says—here ve sits hammering, hammering, all day long; and after all we a'nt able to hammer out as much as keeps us in grub and lush.

Bill. I've had serious notions lately of going into another line.

Ned. I knows of no line that a'nt supplied except the Cambridge line, and they're all low fellows as breaks on that road.

Bill. I dont mean a line of road, I means a line of business Ned. As I'm a literary character I've a strong hidear of trying my hand at bookmaking.

Ned. Bookmaking?

Bill. Yes, a'nt it better than road making, where a man's works are sure to be trampled upon.

Ned. It may be, Bill, if your works dont get macademized by critics—but a'nt it very hard to write a book.

Bill. Bless your noody head, nobody thinks of writing books now—we breaks 'em up out of the old 'uns just as you smashes that big stone into rubble.

Ned. And what do you intend calling your book ?

Bill. Why, I'm thinking " Chalkings by the way," would be no bad title.

Ned. It would be a striking one, Bill.

Bill. Yes, and here we are striking for wages.

Ned. But mind your eye, here's some folks coming out of Doctor Bingo's (*they resume work.*)

Bill. (*singing.*) I am a jolly Sailor Boy
Does wander up and down,
I courts the girls where'er I go
In country and in town,
Sing fa la la, fal la la.

Enter DOCTOR BINGO, and SAMMY SPECTRE, from the house and through gate c.

Dr. Bingo. (L.) You comprehend my instructions Sammy ?

Sammy. (L. c.) Perfectly sir, a'nt this it ? If an Exeter carrier should bring a package here this evening directed for Doctor Bingo, I am to receive it, and give the bearer these ten guineas you have left with me, (*shows purse.*)

Dr. Bingo. Right Sammy, and you are to have the package carefully deposited in my study—and Sammy be particular to let no person meddle with it or go near it—it is a matter of great importance to me.

Sam. There sha'nt a soul come near it sir. (*Exit DOCTOR, R.*) A matter of great importance eh ! I wonder what it can be. The Doctor looked very mysterious—I don't like that.

[*Exit through gate c. into house.*]

Bill. I say Ned—

Ned. Well.

Bill. Did you twig what the Doctor said to the little chap.

Ned. Yes, what of it.

Bill. I means to make ten guineas of it—I knows well enough what the Doctor expects by the Exeter carrier.

Ned. Do you ? (*they rise and advance.*)

Bill. To be sure I do, (*whispers.*) 'Tis a subject Ned.

Ned. What ?

Bill. A subject—I've had some dealings with the Doctor, when I was in that line. I have a plan now, but (*looks cautiously round*) you must keep mum.

Ned. Mum ?

Bill. You must die, Ned.

Ned. Aye, that would be keeping mum.

Bill. You're not awake, my pippin—I'll be more circumlocutious. Look ye, you must let me put you into a sack ; I'll then carry you to Dr. Bingo's as a subject, fob the ten guineas and you can easily manage to steal off after I have taken myself off.

Ned. Well it's a rare plan ; but can't you get into the sack yourself, Bill ?

Bill. Why so I would, Snatch ; only it would'nt be' spectable for a gemman wot writes, to put his head in a bag.

Ned. But I'm the elder partner, Bill ; and you know it would'nt be' spectable, for the head of the firm to put his head in a bag.

Bill. Well, I'll toss up for who goes—what d'ye say !

Ned. I never hobjects to nothing what's gentlemany. You hide. Is it to be the best in three ?

Bill. The best in three ! What a low hidear—no, Newmarket is the genteel thing—one toss settles it, (*tosses up a piece of money*) cry, my tulip !

Ned. Majesty.

Bill. I'm blow'd if I a'nt in for it ! here's a pretty go—but as it's according to the moral torpitude of things wot be, I wont flinch. Come along, and when you tuck me up Snatch, like the fat man in the play, I'll 'addict myself to sack.'

Ned. Before we commence our job, let us turn into Tom Darking's boozing ken and have a drop of lush.

Bill. Aye, Tom's as close as a church.

Ned. But how shall I manage to carry you ? I wont be able, for your weight—you're as heavy as the National Debt, Bill—you'd break the back of an elephant.

Bill. Ho, ho, ho ! Yes Ned, though not a man of *tears* I'm sartinly a man of *size* ; but, lord love you ; I'm only a babby now to what I was, afore times grew bad—I was then so round and so slick that my chums called me " Church Bill,"—but I'm now so fallen away that folks calls me " Anatomy Bill."

[*Exit BILL and NED, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Tom Darking's Public-house door S. E. L., Tom enters S. E. R. bustling about, arranging Tables, Chairs, &c.*

Tom. I wonder some of the market folks are not here afore now ; the night is as sharp as sour beer, they seldom pass the Blue Swan, without having a drop of sum'mut on their way home.

Enter BILL MATTOCK and NED SNATCH, with a sack, D. S. E. L.

Gemmen, you're welcome, wo'nt you sit down ? (*They sit.*)

Bill. Tom, fetch us a pot of stout—we're a going up to Doctor Bingo's with a job.

Tom. What, at the old trade, Bill ? Got a subject hey ?

Bill. Why—a—yes, but I'm a going to be the subject myself.

Tom. You, ha ! ha ! A precious *Queer Subject* you'd make.

Bill. It's true enough though ; but not a word, keep dark as a coal-pit, you'll know all to-morrow. I must not be seen here by any one, Tom.

Tom. Then you'd better mizzle, for I hear some one a coming to the door.

Bill. Keep it fast Tom, 'till I get into cover—I'll be smoked else, for my face is as well known in this house as the Saracen's head on Snow-hill—where shall I hide ?

Tom. There's a press if you could manage to squeeze yourself in.

Bill. No Tom—though the *press* has often done a good turn for me—it wont serve me this turn ; the freedom of the *press*, Tom, is a capital thing ; but the liberty of the *subject* is a better—(*knocking.*)

Tom. Coming, coming,

Ned. Get into the sack, and you'll never be noticed. I'll clap you standing here, in the corner beside me.

Bill. Well in with me—like other great men, I'll go into trumpery retirement. (*getting into the sack*) Ned did you ever before bag so much game at once? (*knocking L. S. E.*)

Tom. Coming, coming.

Bill. Snatch d'ye hear. I'm not to be diddled out of my liquor; for its according to the moral torpitude of things wot be, that a man should drink—Stop! here's the very thing—a hole in the sack,—now mind, Ned, whenever you put a glass to your own mouth, apply another to this hole, and leave the rest to me. Now tie me up.

(*BILL gets behind the table in (C.) SNATCH fastens the sack and resumes his seat (L. C.) singing,*)

“ Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellar,
Full of mirth and full of play,
Soon he did his mind diskivir
To a charming lady gay,
Toll de loll, di da, &c.”

(*TOM DARKING opens the door, while SNATCH is singing. SAMMY SPECTRE enters, L. S. E.*)

Sammy. Why here's nice treatment; to be kept waiting at the door, at this awful time of night. (*puts his hat on the sack.*)

Tom. I didn't know it was you, Sammy, why you look as pale as a ghost.

Sam. A ghost! oh, dont mention it! the very hidear puts me into a shaking fit. I remember, one night I went all alone into the coal-hole, and do you know I saw something very awful—'Pon my life, I did.

Tom. Well, sit down, sit down, Oh! here be some of the market folks. (*Enter two countrymen D.S.E.R.*) Welcome gents,—sit down, what shall I fetch you? (*They all sit.*)

1st Man. (L. C.) Sum'mut hot and comfitable, Master Darking; it's precious cold on the hill side.

Sam. (R. C.) The hill side, then you've passed through the Church-yard?

1st Man. Aye, and a dismal looking place it be too.

Sam. How awful! And did you see any thing remarkable there, Sir? any ghost, or spirits, or shapeless shapes, or—

1st Man. I didn't see nothing partic'lar—But I'll be on my affidavy I heard a rustling like, in the branches of the old yew tree.

Sam. Oh dear, that was very awful—I remember one night, I was all alone in bed, and I heard something very marvellous—a sort of scratching at the wainscot like a mouse a gnawing.

2nd Man. (L. R.) But I seed sum'mut to night. I seed a sum'mut like a large black tom cat—walking along the church-yard wall—well I shut my eyes, cos I thought it was something as warn't right; and when I opened them arter awhile, blow me if the appearance war'nt gone.

Omnes. Wonderful!

Bill. (*peeping out of the hole in the sack c.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Sam. Who laughed?

1st Man. Not I.

Omnes. Nor I.

Sam. Well, there *was* a laugh, and that I think really very awful.

Ned. Pshaw ! It's an echo that's in this room.

Sam. I remember one night last winter, soon after I went to live with Doctor Bingo—I was sitting alone by the fire listening to the crickets and thinking of pleasant ghost stories ; when all at once, I heard a mysterious laugh in Sally the housemaid's room, and an alarming noise like the smacking of a carter's whip. 'Pon my life I did.

Bill. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sam. What was that ?

2nd Man. I dont know—but I'm certain it was a laugh.

Sam. And what's more awful—It a'nt a humane laugh. I know its the laugh of a departed spirit.

Ned. Who cares for a departed spirit, while we have spirits like these present, (*holds up a glass*) come fill your glasses and I'll give you a stave,— (*sings*)

AIR, "*Paddy Pizzarro.*"

Talk of *spirits* indeed,
Why the man's but an ass,
Who heeds any *spirits*
But those in his glass.

And for demon or *devil*
A fillip I say,
For *blue* ruin my boys
Drives *blue devils* away.

Tol-de-roll, lol-de-roll-lol, &c.

(*BILL joins in chorus and drinks out of NED'S glass through the hole in the sack.*)

Sam. Oh dear ! what's that ?

Ned. Nothing. Now gemmen, I'll give you a toast, if so be you have no groundless objections. I'll give you, 'The friend of humanity wot's always mending his fellow creters ways.'

Omnes. Bravo—The friend of humanity, &c.

(*BILL takes SPECTRE'S glass, drinks it off and replaces it at SPECTRE'S left hand—the rest of the company drink.*)

Sam. Where's my glass ? bless me ! it was here this moment—oh ! here it is—empty ! this is really awful—I a'nt quite comfortable—there's something over me I'm sure.

Ned. You're not afraid of ghosts, my lad ?

Sam. A-a not particularly afeared of ghosts, only I dont like up-starts, chaps wot won't be quiet—but get up out of their snug little graves, to walk about at improper hours ; it a'nt the part of a 'spectable ghost, so I likes to keep out of onreglar company

Bill. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sam. There it is again, I won't stay here no longer—It's really very awful.

Tom. Don't go, Sammy, the Doctor won't be home from the club this hour yet.

Sam. Aye, but he charged me to be home at nine, as he expects a package from the country, and he left me ten guineas to pay the carrier, so I must run back immediately—but I'll tell you what, there's something very awful going on at home.

Bill. Gammon!

Sam. Oh dear! where's my hat? Its really very awful.

1st. Man. Dang me if I stay here any longer, (*Countrymen go off, L. S. E.*).

Sam. Wait a moment. I'm a very frightful fellow by night; I remember once I was a going home by night, and I'd just got to the place where the mad fiddler hanged himself, when all on a sudden I felt— (*BILL MATTOCK knocks his hat down over his eyes*) oh! oh! this is really too awful, (*SAMMY runs off, L. S. E. BILL throws off the sack*).

Bill. Well now Ned, as the meeting is dissoluted we can begin to put our own plans in prosecution.

Ned. And now for my disguise—I dont think Master Sammy Spectre will smoke Ned Snatch in the toggery of the Exeter carrier— (*while SNATCH is putting on a smock frock and slouch hat, BILL sits thoughtfully at table*).

Tom. What's the matter, Bill? why man you look as dull as a turkey in rain.

Bill. Do I Tom? ah! that's cos I'm depreciated in my narves. I don't like this business of playing the dead man—it a'nt to my taste. In the good old times I used to get a decent living by other folks dying, but now Tom, they're so altered that I must begin to die on my own account, to keep myself from starving. It's that Tom that effects the inflammability of my wisage and makes me so glumfounded—so draw us a pint of hawf-and-hawf my boy, will ye?

Tom. Wouldn't a go of gin and water, or a nip of brandy be more revivinger for you, Bill?

Bill. No, there a'nt nothing worser for a hardent imagination than hardent spirits; hawf-and-hawf is the only drink for the development of genus—don't you see the measures of hawf-and-hawf that go down with customers of the swell house at the West End.

Tom. So they do Bill,—and here's a swig of as choice stuff as ever moistened a mug, (*lays a pot before BILL*).

Bill. Your health my rum 'uns, (*drinks*) Tom, there's no comfort in life like drink—so I'll give you a few verses that I sometimes sings at the Leather-heads. That's a convivial 'sociation Tom, where a few of us hintellectual coveys that reads the Magazine for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge meets for the concussion of Political Economy, and Gastronomy, hem! (*sings*.)

AIR—" *The Meeting of the Waters.*"

Oh there is not in nature a bliss so complete
As the first glass of toddy—strong smoking and sweet,
All cares it dispels—drives the megriims away,

'Tis the first glass of toddy that makes our hearts gay.

'Tis the first glass of toddy that makes our hearts gay.

AIR,—(" *The Black Joke.*")

If one glass of liquor such wonders can do

We'll double our pleasure by making it *two*,

Toll de roll de roll toddy, loll loll de roll toll.

With spirits elated we joke and we laugh,
 Our lasses we toast, and our bumpers we quaff,
 We towzle the girls, or snatch a stray kiss;
 Was there ever a moment so merry as this?
 Toll de roll, &c.

AIR,—(*“I’ve been roaming.”*)

I’ve been drinking—I’ve been drinking,
 At the Coal Hole all the night,
 And I’m thinking—and I’m thinking,
 That I’m nearly screw’d outright,
 I’ve been going—I’ve been going,
 At the brandy, gin, and beer;
 And I’m growing—and I’m growing
 Rather comfortably queer.

AIR,—(*“Farewell to the Mountain.”*)

Farewell to the brandy,
 Farewell to the swipes,
 To the pots full of porter,
 The backey and pipes,
 To the ale—and the gin,
 I’m a leetle (*hip*) unwell
 I’m going (*hip*)—a going
 Farewell (*hip*) oh—fare-well.

(*Staggers back, scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in DR. BINGO’S house, JULIA enters with a book in her hand. R.*

Julia. Hist! what noise is that? how my heart flutters at every footstep—well—this love is the plague of a poor girl’s life—I wish those stupid books would teach us to conquer the tyrant passion, (*throws the book away pettishly*). Heigho! I wonder will Markham ever come? It is now full two minutes and a half past the appointed time. (*goes to window*) What a beautiful night! how softly do those moonbeams fall upon the calm river as it ripples and sparkles amidst the dark foliage of the motionless trees. Oh! this hour! this sweet, sweet hour of love!

SONG—AIR, “*Each bower has beauty.*”

When the moon on the river is sleeping,
 When the nightingale sings in her bower;
 When the glow worm its vigil is keeping,
 Oh come to me love, in that hour.

On the leaves, when the dew brilliants glisten,
 Like the tear drops, on infancy’s cheek;
 With none but the pale stars to listen,
 And none but my lover to speak.

Oh come to me then—and our meeting,
 Shall be like zephyr and flower;
 So blissful shall be our fond meeting,
 Oh, come to me love in that hour.

When the moon &c.

(*Knock L.*) Hist ! tis he !—(*opens the door* CHARLES MARKHAM, *Enters L.*)

Mark. My dear Julia !

Julia. You are a sad truant, but now that you are come, I forgive you all—am I not a merciful sovereign ?

Mark. As merciful as you are beautiful ; you, unlike many of your sex, seek not to prove your power over a lover, by tormenting him to the utmost endurance of his love ; and, it is this, that makes me doubly your slave.

Julia. Yes, Markham—if I can retain your allegiance by a gentle sway, I shall never change my flowery sceptre for a rod of iron : but Charles, though these stolen interviews form the chief happiness of my existence, I tremble lest by some chance they should be discovered by my uncle.

Mark. That apprehension has also disturbed my mind, and to put an end to this disagreeable suspense, I have resolved to acquaint him with our attachment ; surely, there is nothing in my family or fortune to disentitle me to the honor of aspiring to your hand.

Julia. Nothing, but the singular whim my uncle entertains of marrying me to one of his own profession. A Doctor, I must have !

Mark. Pshaw ! Julia, he's little better than a silly enthusiast, carried away by the fantastic theories of his art. A Homœopathist, a Galvanist, and I know not what besides ; he would fain turn his house into a college of health, and all its inmates into professors. But if your husband must have a diploma, let it be from love's college, 'tis the true school for making a lady's best physician.

Julia. We will argue that matter another time, at present, I want your opinion of some new music I have got ; come, my harp is in the next room. [*Exeunt R.*]

SCENE IV.—DOCTOR BINGO'S *Study*, a large table covered with baize in c. small table R. Galvanic apparatus behind c. table.

Enter SAMMY C. D. carrying a light, followed by NED SNATCH, dragging on his shoulder BILL MATTOCK, in the Sack.

Sam. Oh ! its all perfectly right, pray can you tell me what you've got in the sack ?

Ned. A doan't know, but a' know I'se to git ten guineas for the carying on it from Exeter.

Sam. Ah ! heres a ticket. (*reads.*) *To Doctor Bingo. A stuffed Drynurse, with care. A stuffed Drynurse ! eh—my eye—can it be possible, (reads again.) A stuffed Dry-drynurs—drynurseris with care. Oh, a Drynurseris ! That's some curious fish from the Theological Gardens ! Here lay it upon the table—why a stuffed Drynurseris seems almost as heavy as a stuffed Alderman, (NED lays MATTOCK along the table c.) There's your ten guineas—(gives it.)*

Ned. Thank'ee master, you'll find un a dang'd queer fish I'se warrant. [*Exit* SNATCH, D. C.]

Sam. Now I'd like vastly to take a peep at this here cretur, only I'm a little afeared—I've a great fancy to see what sort of a hani-mal, a stuffed Drynurseris is—I remember once, I gave a penny

to see the larned pig, and the seven legged mare, and now I can see a stuffed Drynurseris for nothing. Egad! I will have a peep (*goes towards the table*; MATTOCK *sneezes in the sack*, SAMMY *lets the candle fall, runs off exclaiming*,) Oh, oh oh! this is too awful! (MATTOCK *as soon as he is gone gets out of the sack, dressed in a long white shirt and night cap—stage dark*!)

Bill. Well this is what I call rum work, I'd be glad to know whether I'm a stuffed Drynurseris, a dead subject, or the living Bill Mattock. Let me consider; I can't be a *stuffed* Drynurseris, for I a'n't got no dinner to day—I'm more liker a balloon stuffed with nothing what-somdever. Then, I can't be a dead subject, for my life is in the lease of my house. I'ts clear then, that I must be the 'dential living Bill Mattock; I'm pretty sure of it too, cos Bill loved a pot of good porter, and I feel just now as if I could tuck in a full pot of double stout—it's sartin then I'm Bill Mattock; well, come that's some comfort, I never could have proved philologically that I was myself if I had'nt read the Magazine for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge—And now to find a way of getting out of this pitchy hole, before the Doctor comes home, (*he gropes about*) here's a door (*L. opens it*)—all dark—no matter—I'll venture like Phineas into the Internal regions. [*Exit BILL, L. S. E. enter by another door R. S. E. JULIA and MARKHAM, with a light.—Stage light.*)]

Julia. I fear, Charles, that we have prolonged this interview, beyond the limits of discretion—I expect my uncle home every instant and if he discovers you here he will instantly remove me to a distant part of the country where we shall never have an opportunity of meeting.

Mark. Let us hope a better fate, Julia; but what is there to make you apprehend a discovery now?

Julia. It is past ten o'clock, and the doors are always locked by the servants, at that hour—there are no means left of retreat but through the conservatory—here is the key of the door that opens from it into the garden, from thence with the help of the garden ladder, you can scale the wall, and escape, begone now—(*gives him a key.*)

Mark. Will you then force me to leave you?

Julia. Will you persist in staying? (*knock.*) Hark! that is my uncle's knock—fly dear Charles, there lies your way—mind the conservatory—to the right.

Mark. Adieu! dearest Julia! to the right—adieu! [*Exit c. d.*]

Exit JULIA, taking the light by door R. S. E. after a short interval, MARKHAM returns cautiously—Stage dark.

Mark. (*in a low tone.*) Julia, Julia my love! Julia—you have given me the wrong key—hist—a wrong key, my dear! I can't get out—what the devil shall I do? Where shall I conceal myself? I dare not venture back through the house; ten to one but I may be shot as a robber, before I can make myself known, should I be found here by that mad old Doctor (*a china crash without L. S. E.*) Ah! here he comes. (*goes to door, JULIA went out by*)—a door—fast—(*another crash.*)—He's playing the devil among the china—he is in some desperate rage, (*he stumbles against the table c.*) Ah, here's a table, and here's—what?—a sack—a thought strikes me, I'll get into it, and if old Bingo should come here, he'll take me for a subject brought in during his absence—I know this is his anato-

mical experiment room, but the worst that can come of it is a discovery, and a summary ejection by the testy Doctor, (*getting into sack*)—So here I go,—hist, he's coming this way, I must lie still (*draws the sack over his head and stretches himself on the table.*)
Enter BILL MATTOCK, with a bottle in one hand, and part of a fowl in the other, L. S. E.

Bill. Here I am again, after leaving the print of my precious countenance against twenty walls and doors in the dark—no way to escape, cooped up here, like a turkey for christmas—groped my way into a larder, that wasn't so bad; made a jolly smash among the crockery ware—broke all the mugs in the house, and damaged my own—well, come I got a capital tuck out by it, cold roast goose and port wine—not bad grubbing for a dead man; but they don't put enough of ingings in their goose—here's jolly good luck (*drinks*) I wish I could find the table now. I'd take another stretch on it, for I find an uncommon dizziness coming over me; but that's according to the (hip)—torp—torpitude—(hip)—really this is very pretty port (*drinks*) I'm confident it is,—(hip),—now I have the table, where's my sack? (*lays his hand on MARK,*) Who are you? does your mother know your'e out? you'd better mizzle, my chap—what! eh! blow me, if this arn't another subject! I wonder who raised him—(hip)—that's no reason though that he should have my place, come along my covey there's plenty of room on the floor for you, there's a nice spot under the table for you (*he lays himself under the table.*) We, none of us like to give up our places quietly, no, no—we can't afford to give up our places, (hip) (*sits on the table*) I'm sorry, I didn't bring another bottle of this port with me, it's a very entertaining sort of companion in the dark—(hip,) very, indeed—what a hard hearted creter a deal table is, it has no tender sympathy for shoulder or hip bones—(*sings*) “On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,” (*he is about to lie down when voices are heard,*) Hark! there's some one coming—'tis the old Doctor, I'd give ten bob, if I was well out of his clutches, (*hastily stretches himself upon the table.*)

Enter DOCTOR BINGO, followed by SAMMY SPECTRE—carrying lights—(Stage light.)

Doctor B. So the carrier from Exeter has brought the package Sammy?

Sam. Yes master, the stuffed Drynuseris—and I gave him the ten guineas.

Dr. B. Right Sammy, you are an excellent boy, if you could only overcome your fears. I intend Sammy to show you to-night one of the wonderful effects of our art: the package Sammy which you suppose is filled by a stuffed Rhinoceros contains, in reality—a—

Sam. Wh—h—h—a—t Doctor?

Dr. B. A dead body, Sammy—an anatomical subject.

Sam. Oh! don't say so, it's a very awful subject Sir.

Dr. B. Nonsense, boy! you must reconcile yourself to things of this sort, give me the light, (*goes to the table and raises MATTOCK'S leg*) why this subject is still quite warm! How fortunate!

Sam. (*aside, and fearfully peeping over the DOCTORS' shoulder.*) I wonder how he got out of the sack.

Dr. B. Come near, Sammy, you shall see me galvanize him.

Sam. Galvanize ! what's that, Sir ?

Dr. B. A wonderful operation, Sammy, you shall see me make this subject move by the action of the Electro—Galvanic Battery.

Sam. Won't he then have an action of battery against you ?

Dr. B. Pshaw ! (*He brings forward the Galvanic apparatus arranges it and continues speaking.*) I have sanguine hopes, if my experiment succeeds, of restoring life to the body ;—I have all the apparatus in readiness, attend now, (*he commences turning the Electrical Machine.*)

Sam. It's really very awful.

Dr. B. In the first instance, motion will be given to the arms, then to the legs, and afterwards the whole body will resume it's natural action as in life. (*After a few turns, BILL thrusts one hand into DOCTOR BINGO'S face, strikes the other across SAMMY'S body. kicks out his legs, sits up, nods his head at DR. BINGO, and finally gets off the table, SAMMY gets into a corner and DR. BINGO looks on with delight.*)

Dr. B. Oh, wonderful triumph of art ! he lives, he moves, glorious discovery, this will make my fortune ! Sammy, Sammy Spectre, behold this miraculous resuscitation.

Sam. Oh ! oh ! 'tis too awful to behold ! Kill him again Doctor, or I'll die with fright. (*BILL strides round the room, the DOCTOR follows.*)

Dr. B. Get out of that you fool ! Every motion as perfect as before death ; but he does not speak, I'll try the effect of another shock—(*he goes up.*)

Bill. Oh ! I can't stand that.

Dr. B. Was not that his voice ?—I'll speak to him. (*To Bill.*) Well, how do you feel now ?

Bill. Pretty bobbish, thank ye !

Dr. B. Amazing ! The recovery is perfect—he speaks. How long have you been dead ?

Bill. Ten days.

Dr. B. Ten days ! Impossible ! You were quite warm when I came in, not ten minutes ago.

Bill. That's cos I was a baker ! We holds the heat a long while.

Dr. B. Oh ! very likely. Were you conscious of anything during your trance ?

Bill. Yes, I was particularly conscious of roast goose and bottled port, only they did not put enough inings in the goose.

Dr. B. Singular sensation ! And pray what did you die of ?

Bill. Suspended animation.

Dr. B. Suspended animation ! I don't comprehend you—

Bill. Don't you ? I was suspended from a rope, hanged, that's wot I calls dying of suspended animation.

Dr. B. Prodigious ! This is the most extraordinary case I ever heard of ; I'll have it published to-morrow. Where are my writing materials ? Remain here a moment till I find them, I'll be back presently—I'll take down the particulars this very night.

Sam. I'll take down the particulars this very minute, (*takes a flask from his pocket and drinks.*)

(*Exit DOCTOR, C. D. closely followed by SAMMY—BILL, catches SAMMY by the coat.*)

Bill. Where are you going my little bottle imp ?

Sam. Prodigious ! Sir—I was only a going to the other side of the door.

Bill. Well you'd better leave the bottle on this side (*takes the bottle and gives him a kick*) mizzle now.

Sam. Oh ! that's awful !

(*Exit SAMMY, C. D. BILL sits on the table and fills a glass, when MARKHAM creeps from under the table in the sack.*)

Bill. I'm swizzled, if the other subject a'nt getting lively ! who bid you get up ? You should larn to behave yourself like a peaceable subject and lie down 'till your rig'larly dissicated. It's all for the benefit of the Humane Society, and perfectly according to the moral torpitude of things wot be.

Mark. I have been a witness of your proceeding, Sirrah, and you're little better than an arrant impostor.

Bill. You're another.

Mark. I shall inform Doctor Bingo, the instant he returns of the fraud you have practised on him.

Bill. Why you know, my tulip, that you're a dead man and your evidence an't good in law, so give no more imperence but get into yoursack again, you're the most unruliest subject I ever handled (*tries to put MARKHAM, into the sack.*)

Mark. Let me go, you ruffian.

Bill. You won't, won't you ? I'll see that. What's the use of kicking when you knows your dead ?

Mark. (*Struggling.*) Help ! Murder ! Help !

(*DOCTOR BINGO rushes into the room C. D. followed by SAMMY. and JULIA after*)

Dr. B. What's all this, who have we got here ?

Julia. For Heaven's sake what's the matter ?

Sam (R.) Oh, madam ! the subject is strangling the Drynursenis, it's really awful !

Dr. B. (*to Bill.*) Stand back, can I believe my eyes ? Mr. Markham !

Julia. (*crossing to him*) My dear Charles !

Dr. B. (R. C.) What is the meaning of all this ? How came you here Sir, engaged in such an extraordinary manner with the poor man I have just rescued from death ?

Mark. It can be briefly explained, Sir,—first my passion for your niece, brought me I confess clandestinely into your house—an unlucky chance preventing my retreat, I adopted the expedient of concealing myself in a sack, which I found lying in this room—hoping by means of it to avoid discovery until day-light would enable me to escape ; while in durance I found that there was another sham subject here—whose counterfeit death and pretended resuscitation would have exposed you to the ridicule of the town, had you published it.

Dr. B. Could I have been so grossly duped ? (*to BILL*) Who the devil are you fellow ?

Mark. If I mistake not, he's a notorious character, named Mattock.

Dr. B. What, Bill Mattock, my old bone merchant !

Bill. (*Throwing off the shirt and cap.*) Why I believe there is no use denying it now. I am that unfortunate individual.

Dr. B. And have I given ten guineas for you, you rascal?

Bill. Oh don't be miffy about it, if you a'nt had enough of me to-night, I'll stay 'till you've had the worth of your money of me. (*As.de.*) There's a back and two side bones of the goose left; you see I likes to give satisfaction.

Dr. B. O! Curse your satisfaction. Markham, to you. I am indebted that I have not made myself a public laughing stock, and the best reward I can offer you is Julia's hand, there take it (*he joins their hands,*) but not a word about the "*Queer Subject.*"

Sam. Now I'm beginning to feel rather comfortable again.

Bill. Well, there would have been none of this comfort, if I hadn't died to bring it about, and yet not one of 'em says as much as "thankee Bill," that's hard—it's down right ungrateful; but howsomdever, I don't much mind, if my good friends here don't look so grave on the "*Queer Subject.*"

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

SAM.	JULIA.	MARKHAM	BILL.	DOCTOR.
(R.)				(L.)

